

The LIVE DOLLS HOUSE PARTY

JOSEPHINE SCRIBNER GATES



• VIRGINIA • KEEP •

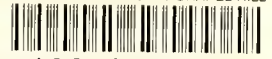
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The LIVE DOLLS'
HOUSE PARTY



In Japan

Frontispiece

The LIVE DOLLS' HOUSE PARTY

By
JOSEPHINE SCRIBNER GATES

Author of
THE STORY OF LIVE DOLLS
MORE ABOUT LIVE DOLLS
THE STORY OF THE LOST DOLL
THE STORY OF THE THREE DOLLS
LITTLE RED, WHITE AND BLUE

Illustrated by
VIRGINIA KEEP

INDIANAPOLIS
THE BOBBS-MERRILL COMPANY
PUBLISHERS

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SEPTEMBER

PRESS OF
BRAUNWORTH & CO.
BOOKBINDERS AND PRINTERS
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

To my daughter

Jessie

this book is lovingly dedicated

ILLUSTRATIONS

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The LIVE DOLLS'
HOUSE PARTY



CHAPTER I

IN TENSE excitement reigned in Cloverdale for the third time!

Early one morning the whole village was awakened by the clear notes of the bugle and the peal of the silver bells.

Startled at the unusual but vaguely familiar sounds, many sleepy eyes opened wide and listened wonderingly, and when the owners realized that it was truly the boy-doll trumpeter they heard, many

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tousled heads were seen peering out of the various windows, trying to catch a glimpse of the longed-for coach as they heard the kittens clatter at a mad pace up and down the streets.

Janie's head was bobbing at her window, her eyes dancing wide with excitement, and her whole little frame tingling with emotion as she waited, hoping he might pass by once more, and sure enough, here he was!



The child looked in vain for the dear face at the window, then noticed that the driver was slowly waving a white banner to and fro. On its fluttering folds she read the words, "Dolls' House Party," in large letters.

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It looked like a flag of truce, and as it was evidently a message from the Queen, it surely meant something very important. The children hustled into their clothes, in their haste getting them wrong side out and upside down.

But what can one expect when these little girls didn't know what instant they were to have a visit from the dear one who brought life to their dolls? Sad to say, one reason for haste was that they really were not very well prepared for this visit; so after a hurried breakfast, each doll was obliged to submit to such a scrubbing and a drubbing, that, had they been alive when this ordeal was over, the air would have been filled with sighs of relief.

Tangled curls were brushed out, various wardrobes furbished up, and finally,

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as nothing more happened, the village green was dotted with little girls with dolls in arms or in doll carriages, all looking wonderingly at each other and gazing expectantly up and down the street.

To the relief of every one, Dinah at last had her feet and her face pointing in the same direction and was seated in one end of Rosabell's carriage in a state of great expectancy, for she longed to know how it would seem to be alive and comfortable at the same time.

Janie had declared that if the Queen ever appeared again, Dinah should be in perfect condition, but it came about in a

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very strange way. After Rosabell was all in order and ready for the touch of the magic wand, Janie took Dinah and was about to break her legs and turn them around, when, in some way, the doll slipped and fell and the head rolled away. For an instant the child was filled with terror, as Dinah was like one of the family and very precious. Horrified at this disaster, Janie picked up the poor little black body and the head, and as she gazed at them she suddenly threw back her head and laughed heartily, as she exclaimed, "Why, Dinah, bless your heart! You did me a good turn that time and saved me the trouble of breaking your legs. I hated to do it, 'cause I never could make 'em stick as well a second time, and they would be sure to break in the old places. Now all I have

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to do is to turn your head around and you'll just be perfect!" And in a jiffy the head was on, and Dinah, while she seemed to look very gratefully at Janie, still seemed to say that she was not yet quite right. And again Janie's merry laugh rippled through the room while she removed the doll's clothes, gave the jointed arms a twist, and then replaced the garments, turning them about, and now behold! Dinah is herself again and ready to be in a perfect state of enjoyment when life once more thrills her little black body.

Suddenly, in one magical instant, appeared the little Queen in their midst, and at once dolls wriggled out of arms, climbed out of carriages, and went scampering and tumbling about on the grass, reveling in the delight of being once more filled with life.



Now behold ! Dinah is herself again ! *Page 6*

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The Queen, after a joyous greeting, seated herself on the lawn. The children crowded at her feet, and, as they watched the dolls' pranks, listened with the closest attention as she unfolded her charming plan.

"I'm so glad to see you," she said, "and to tell you that we shall have the best time, the *very* best time we ever had! How would you like to go home with me? I have never told you that I live in a little town called Dollville, and it is the merriest town in all the world.

"It is peopled by dolls, and dolls only. Such dear little houses and stores and parks you never dreamed of. There is a school-house and a church, and right next to my own house on the hill is a dance-hall, where I have made arrangements to take you all for a House Party.

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Now you must go and tell your mothers, and, if they agree to it, bring them here and we will talk it over."

The children flew to their separate homes as if on wings, and soon appeared, followed by the various mothers. The Queen, after cordially greeting them, continued her interesting tale.

"As I said before, I live at Dollville, and I want to take you there for a visit.

"I shall have the 'bus that took you to the sea-shore last summer carry you out to the Doll Farm, where there is now a railroad station. There you will take a miniature train which was built for dolls but is large enough and strong enough to hold little girls.

"This train will take you to Dollville in two hours. There, I promise you, you will be well taken care of. If you

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get homesick you can come back at any moment, but I'll warrant you won't even be ready to come when you must.

"At the end of your visit a very important event will take place, after which you will have a most interesting trip before you return here."

The children's faces glowed, and the mothers looked wistfully at the Queen. One, who was especially fond of dolls, cried:

"Can't we come too? We'd all love to see this strange place."

The Queen laughed as she replied, "Bless your hearts! I wish you could, but there is really no room for grown-ups to sleep, every place is too small. I'm sorry, but I fear you will just have to see it through the children's eyes. Now chicks," she said, turning to the

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buzzing audience, "bring only a suit-case apiece and each doll's trunk, and be on hand at eight o'clock sharp to-morrow morning."

As she finished speaking, the coach drew up; she stepped inside, and, with a bang of the door and a wave of her hand, she was gone, leaving her hearers in a wild state of excitement.

The mothers spent the rest of the day preparing the children for the visit, and by night suit-cases and trunks were packed, and the children retired to dream of the wonders awaiting them in the captivating little village.

Promptly at eight the next morning the 'bus gathered up the children, satchels and dolls, and, after loving good-bys, away they clattered toward the Doll Farm.

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As a special privilege Dinah was allowed to go. She sat beside Rosabell, eagerly watching the country through which they were passing, occasionally glancing with the greatest pride at her two feet with toes pointing straight ahead, which was untold comfort to her. Janie leaned back in her seat and watched the familiar road as she had two years ago on her first trip. She looked lovingly down at Rosabell, whose little hand was fondly clasping hers, and then at Dinah and her little friends with their dolls. What happy faces and what a glorious time they would have!

How they had been longing for the Queen's reappearance, and now she had come with hardly a moment's warning!



CHAPTER II

HOUSEKEEPING and going to the sea-shore with the live dolls were perfect, but here was something utterly different from either, which seemed to promise something even more novel. Think of being in a town where all the people were dolls! and besides all they would see, here was this very unusual event and a trip! What was that and where were they going?

And now the Farm loomed up. There was the same archway, and they drove

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through the same great gate, and there, oh, there was the dear old gardener who let her trim the haws! He was pruning the trees, whose branches were heavily laden with spring garments of all sorts. Here and there under the trees on the grass lay withered handkerchiefs, detached sleeves of garments, portions of parasols, and over all fluttered bits of lace and various colored feathers and flowers, all of which the Queen said was the result of a late frost; but in spite of this there seemed to be a fine crop, and the children gazed longingly at the strange sight.

The Queen met them at the door of the little hospital and led them into the dining-room, where a delicious lunch was waiting. A jolly time they had over the tiny plates and the doll food, but

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as there was an abundance they did not suffer, although it did seem outrageous for each to eat half a dozen potato balls, even though they were the size of a hickory nut! And the ham sandwiches—Janie did not dare count the number she disposed of. There were roasted birds, and it was amusing to watch the dolls revel in the drumsticks and wings.

For dessert there was a flaky saucer pie for each of the children, but dolls had pieces, just as dolls should have.

When the meal was finished they all walked across the street to the station, where they found the little trunks and suit-cases piled up waiting for the train, and very soon it appeared with its comical little whistle, and rush and roar, trying in vain to make the same important noise that the real trains do.

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The fun began at once, for here was the colored boy-doll porter, politely touching his gold-trimmed hat, taking their satchels and waving them into the car, which they found full of dear little doll passengers, all eating lunch from the daintiest of lunch baskets.

They greeted the Queen most respectfully and looked curiously at the small girls and their dolls as they passed through their car to another which was furnished in a most elegant manner, and which, the Queen said, was for her own private use.

“Where have all those dolls been?” asked Janie of the Queen, when they were all finally seated and the train was in motion.

“Oh, they came out to the Farm for clothes. They got in at the station just

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below. You see, in Dollville we haven't many dressmakers and those we have are very expensive. These ready-to-wear garments are much cheaper and many come here to renew their wardrobes. They have great fun choosing and trying on dresses. They select them from the trees and then go into a fitting-room where a skilled dressmaker fits them. They buy quantities of these garments and they are very pretty, as you all know, for if I am not mistaken your dolls are still wearing those given you by the gardener two years ago at the picnic."

"Yes," said Janie, "they are pretty; we loved them dearly, but, of course, we never had any made by regular dressmakers. All we ever knew about were those our mammas made, or we made

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ourselves, and we thought they were pretty fine. But where do those dolls put all of those clothes? They do not seem to have any bundles."

"Look out the window, dear; we shall go around a curve in a moment, and you will see where your suit-cases and all of the dolls' trunks are stowed away."

And sure enough, Janie could see the brave little engine, and back of it a baggage car, which, the Queen said, was piled high with trunks, which in turn were packed full of finery. The Queen told them that in the streets of Dollville they would see these same dolls walking about, clothed in this gorgeous array.

And now appeared the conductor. The children tried in vain to suppress a giggle, for it did look too funny to see a boy-doll dressed up in blue clothes

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adorned with brass buttons, and a cap pulled well down over his eyes.

He looked very stern, as most well-

behaved conductors should, and touched his cap respectfully as he passed by, for, of course, the Queen and her guests could ride free on this wonderful road.

Next came the train boy—such a bright-looking little fellow, with his basket of candy, pop-corn, gum, and an armful of books.

The Queen bought for each child a box of sweets, which, when opened, pro-

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voked a hearty shout of laughter, as it disclosed layer upon layer of the cutest little chocolate drops and candied fruits.

"You will get used to this soon," remarked the Queen as the merriment subsided. "It is only the beginning of the odd things you will see later on."

The children settled themselves to watch the country through which they were so swiftly gliding. In what seemed a very short time, the conductor was shouting, "Dollville, end of road. All out!"

Our little group eagerly followed the Queen, looking about with wide-open eyes. It seemed as though they certainly must be dreaming, everything was so queer. Here were the tiny cabs, their drivers shouting, "Cab, cab, take you to any part of the city!" Baggage-

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men were running hither and thither with their strings of checks, calling, "Here you 'are, carry your baggage, right this way!" Such a din of piping voices, and how funny it all was! Poor Dinah was besieged, and no wonder, for she was togged out in all colors of the rainbow; and the drivers evidently concluded she was a foreign person of rank. Her satchel was taken from her



and she was fairly pushed towards a cab by its driver; but Dinah, always equal to emer-

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gencies, wrenched her satchel from his grasp, and, with a smart box on his ear, shrieked, "I'm no Egyptian Queen! I'm a cook; lemme 'lone!"

The Queen, seeing the trouble, rescued her, and led her now giggling subjects to a coach, in which they were soon seated and on their way through a busy street. Boy-dolls were driving carts and wagons of all sorts in every direction, each carrying its odd freight: grocery and meat wagons piled high with small baskets of provisions; laundry wagons with their wee packets; ice wagons loaded down with blocks of ice which looked for all the world like loaf-sugar; carriages in which were seated beautifully-dressed dolls, who nodded brightly as they passed along. Occasionally a gorgeous automobile rolled swiftly by, car-

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rying a jolly crowd of dolls. The children gazed at these sights in spell-bound wonder, almost afraid to move for fear they would be awakened.

They were soon away from the busy street, in the residence portion, and the children chuckled as they saw the doll houses and yards gay with the tiny flowers and shrubs. And now the ponies passed slowly up a hill, then into most beautiful grounds, and halted in front of an enchanting doll house.

The footman opened the coach door and they stepped out into what seemed like fairy-land. Such flowers they had never beheld! Darling baby starry things, of all colors, nodding up at them, which the Queen said they were at liberty to pluck at any time. Then they saw the garden where the gardener was getting

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vegetables for dinner, and the baskets, filled with radishes, onions, potatoes, pease and corn, looked like those seen in the windows of candy stores at Easter time.

Scattered all through these grounds were trees heavily laden with apples, pears, cherries and plums, all so small they appeared like Christmas trees hung with pop-corn, cranberries and candy.

The Queen led them through these grounds to a long, low building, which, she said, was the dance-hall where they held their balls. Here they found the coziest kind of quarters.

On one side was a row of cots, and beside each one was a doll bed where each doll could virtually sleep under her own mother's wing.

"Now, children," said the Queen,

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"you see this is to be an 'ideal' House Party. Back of this is the refreshment room which will be your dining-room. Back of that is the kitchen, where the little black cooks are even now preparing your dinner, which will be ready in fifteen minutes."

At this joyful news all crowded to the door, and, peeping out, beheld such a sight! Doll waiters bustling about setting tables, and beyond, through the swinging doors, could be seen the cooks hovering over the ranges, while delicious odors were wafted to them, which spoke well for the meal in progress.

So elated were the children they waltzed about the room and chattered like so many magpies, as they made ready for the coming meal.

The gong sounded and all fled out to

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the table, and a merry time they had, the children at one table and the dolls at another. The doll waiters served everything in the most perfect manner, and the dolls were really better behaved than the little girls, who soon perceived that they must mind their p's and q's, for the dolls were sharp critics.

Soon after dinner, as so much unusual excitement had made them very weary, they sought their beds. Later on, when all was quiet, the good Queen tiptoed in to see if all were well, and she smiled to herself at the sweet picture of dolls and their mammas in deepest slumber.



CHAPTER III

AND how they slept! They never knew a thing till morning; but when they turned over and realized where they were, and for what purpose, they hopped out of bed and were soon dressed and trooping in to a breakfast of fruit, milk, waffles and honey. The waffles were a joy to behold, so crispy and brown; and what fun to fill the holes with butter and honey! The breakfast was quickly devoured, and then followed a rollicking time in the yard. They sat on the ground to gather

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berries and vegetables; stooped down to get the fruit from the trees; tucked the baby flowers into belts and hair; and then investigated the Queen's own little house, after which her Ladyship announced a trip down town for all. They formed in a procession, each little girl with her doll beside her following the Queen, who told them as they walked along that they must be quiet in the streets, for Dollville was not used to children's noise.

They first visited the meat market, where the sight of the tiny steaks, birds, roasts, and strings of sausage, almost drove them into hysterics. The doll butchers looked very odd in their white caps, flourishing what appeared to be pen-knives, with which they carefully cut the various meats. The children reluc-

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tantly left this place to go to another equally as delightful, namely, the grocery store where the tiny clerks were racing about, some filling orders, some waiting on doll customers with the greatest politeness, while a row of wagons stood in front for the baskets of goods that must soon be delivered.

They next visited a candy store and went back into the factory, where the Queen had special permission to take her guests. This was the sweetest place! Here, candy of all kinds was brought to a state of perfection. Heaps of molasses kisses lay freshly powdered; wee gum-drops glistened with a crisp coating of sugar frost; sheets of chocolate waited to be cut into tiny blocks. After feasting their eyes on this delicious picture, the Queen bought each a box of

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the mixed candies, and they continued their march through the streets, till sud-



denly Rosabell began to weep, and sobbed, "Mamma, that candy made my tooth ache!"

Janie tried to comfort her, and the Queen came back. Learning the trouble, she consoled her by saying, "Never mind, that is easily taken care of. We can go right up to the dentist and he will settle that toothache in no time."

Janie and Rosabell looked serious, but the Queen quieted their fears by saying, "It will not hurt, I promise you that. We do not hurt people in Dollville."

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So the dolls and their mothers were requested to amuse themselves by looking into the glittering shop-windows while Janie and Rosabell followed the Queen up a stairway into a tiny office, where they found a jolly boy-doll, who joyfully greeted them all, and cheerily inquired which one was in trouble. Rosabell stepped timidly into the cunning dentist chair and opened her little mouth while he peered in, and finally said, "Oh, I see the trouble. Your tooth has been broken. Perhaps your mamma can tell us how it happened"—and Janie blushed as she confessed that she broke it on purpose, so that she could push food into her mouth. As she talked the dentist whisked out the tiny pearl, and in an instant had another in its place. As she got down he asked her if it hurt.



Dolls on all sides were doing their shopping

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Rosabell smiled and replied, "Not a bit!" The Queen gave him a piece of silver, and they went their way once more.

They peeped into the dry-goods store, where dolls on all sides were doing their shopping. Some were gazing critically at dress goods which the clerk was draping in a tempting manner; others were buying hosiery, and others dainty lingerie of all sorts. One little bunch of school-girls was investing in hair ribbons.

From here they visited a restaurant, where they were treated to ice-cream soda water, which they ate from thimble glasses with the tiniest of spoons.

On the street again they peered into a shoe shop, where dolls' feet were being fitted to trim little boots.

In the jewelry store they saw a gor-

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geous display of dolls' trinkets—rings, watches and necklaces, with which the children longed to deck their dolls.

In the offices sat papa dolls at their desks, working hard to earn the money for the wee families at home.

From the business portion they wended their way toward the park, which was a beautiful place, with flower-bordered walks and velvet lawns. Here were the dear little white-capped nurses, trundling babies in long dresses and watching over the tiny tots who could just run alone.

One group of little girls was seated on the grass playing with *their* dolls! In another part a picnic was being held; they were getting out the lunch from the tiniest of baskets, and that reminded the children of the fact that they were hun-

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gry, so they retraced their steps and were soon in their own quarters, tired but bubbling over with the wonders of the morning.

Then followed days of blissful happiness, walking about the streets, playing in the park, peeping into the various places full of interest for them. They went one day to visit the school, but as they could not possibly get into the tiny building they asked permission to look through the window. It was well they were on the outside, for frequent giggles burst forth in spite of efforts to suppress them. Seeing dolls seated at desks studying, writing at the blackboard and reciting in class to a doll teacher, was almost too much for our little group.

Saturday afternoon the Queen took them to the roller-skating rink. Here

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excitement reigned supreme. Rosabell, with the other dolls, begged to be allowed to rent skates, and they were soon flying about with the rest. Dinah sailed around with them in blissful content, while she rejoiced inwardly that for this occasion her two feet were as all feet were intended to be; and the children gazed in rapture at the moving picture, and thanked the Queen over and over for bringing them to Dollville.



Sunday was observed in this little town just as it should be everywhere. Stores were closed, and when the peal of sweet bells filled the air, calling them to church, the children and dolls donned



The children gazed in rapture at the moving picture
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their best gowns and quietly followed the Queen to the House of Worship. Such an odd one it was! Janie wanted to put her fingers together and say, "Here's the church, and here's the steeple. Open the doors and here's all the people," as she used to do, for it was just like it. There was the tall steeple, and the two thumbs for doors, and inside, their dolls sat in the pews with those of the village, and the children found chairs placed for them in the back part. It was just like any church with its choir-boys in caps and gowns, caroling the hymns in which the audience joined, making a sweet tinkling chorus, which rang in the children's ears long after.

The minister stood up in his black robe, reverently chanting the prayers with the people, and then followed a

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sermon. As the children listened their keen eyes were roving everywhere, and they noticed that restless children were quieted with pictures and bits of candy, just as they were at home. Janie even heard a gentle snore or two from an old grandfather doll who sat near.

Sunday-school followed this service, and was even more interesting, for the Queen had charge of it, and they sang some rousing songs, after which the various classes were formed and a buzz of voices filled the room as they studied and talked over the lesson.

Why couldn't dolls be alive this way all over the world? What fun it would mean for the children! But of course that could not be, and they must make the most of their privilege.

After dinner they sat about reading

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and talking quietly in the garden, amid the flowers and fruits, trying to be patient till bedtime, for a little bird had whispered a gay piece of news, and all were eager for the morrow which was to bring them to *such* a beautiful thing,—a thing that all children adore, and that is a circus! A really truly circus!



CHAPTER IV

THEY could hardly believe it, but they had seen the bills posted about town, and the next morning when the Queen announced the good news, their joy was complete. A circus would be a treat anywhere,—and what would it mean in Dollville!

“Is it a doll circus?” Janie politely inquired.

“Indeed it is,” replied the Queen. “We have fine circus grounds, and an unusual company, who keep in practice,

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and once a year give a great performance. We all look forward to it, and I planned your visit just at this time so that you could enjoy it with us. This morning we will go to see the parade, and this afternoon the 'bus will take us to the circus grounds."

Much elated over the news, the children and dolls hurried through breakfast, made their beds, and put the room in perfect order, which was a daily duty. They then started out, and found the streets gay with banners and alive with doll people. As they reached the principal thoroughfare strains of music could be heard in the distance, and the children and dolls were wild with excitement. When the procession finally came in sight they hardly dared to breathe for fear they

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might miss some part of the wonderful vision that now met their eyes.

First came a brave little brass band, led by a drum major flourishing his baton; the players were all clad in uniforms of bright red and silver, and blew their trumpets and horns and clashed their cymbals and drums with the greatest zeal.

Following these were gold caravans drawn by such darling ponies. Doll ladies, in bright-colored dresses sparkling with jewels and spangles, sat in the plush seats, looking about and waving their hands to the admiring crowds.

There was a funny clown mounted on a monkey who politely bowed and tossed bonbons in every direction.

Then appeared a cage on wheels filled with monkeys chattering and

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scolding. Next came a wagon with long benches, on which were seated beautiful Angora kittens who beamed mildly down on them as they proudly waved their tails.

Following them was a cage of brilliant birds warbling a joyous chorus, inspired by the music of the band. Then a number of pug-dogs, gay in bright ribbon harnesses covered with bells, drawing a coach filled with baby puppies, caused shouts of laughter, and as this was the end, the children raced home to eat lunch and be prepared for the 'bus, which appeared on time and whirled them away to the circus grounds. Such a hustle and a bustle they were in as they neared the tent! Every one was excited; cheeks were red as roses, and eyes as bright as dollars.

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As they drew up to the entrance and heard the music, they could scarcely sit still and fairly fell out as the 'bus stopped, so eager were they to get to the scene of action.

The Queen marshaled her forces well, and had them form in line with hands on one another's shoulders, so they would not become separated in the crowd. She led them to the entrance of the tent and they at once found themselves inside the enchanted place.

As it was a little early for the performance, they walked about and looked at the various trained animals, which they had seen in the parade.

If you, Little Reader, have never seen trained birds, kittens and monkeys, then you have missed a rare treat, for it is great fun to see them ride bicycles,



They found themselves inside the enchanted place

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dance, climb ladders, play ball, and come out hitched to tiny toy wagons and draw one another.

Janie was much interested in the monkeys, which really seemed almost human. She gave a mamma monkey a peanut, and was delighted to see her break the shell, take out the nut and give it to the baby in her arms. The baby chewed it contentedly till it suddenly choked, when the mamma struck it on the back and held up its arms just exactly as all mammas do with their choking babies.

They were soon startled by a voice through a horn crying, "Performance is about to begin. Get your seats," and immediately there was a wild scramble.

Of course the Queen and her guests were led to the best places and were

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soon settled and looking curiously about at the strange audience. They at once decided that that alone was worth



coming to see, for papa and mamma dolls with their children all dressed in bright colors made a wonderful picture. All were fanning themselves with tiny fans, and children were eating candy and peanuts just as most children do at a circus. Even our little party were plentifully supplied with refreshments,

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which they gaily crunched while they waited.

Suddenly the band struck up a march for the grand entrée, and in came the various performers, led by the clown. Back of him were glossy ponies with coats of red velvet covered with spangles. Their riders were boy and girl dolls, clad in bright tinsel-trimmed suits. Then came the lady-doll performers, dragging their long trains in the dust, waving banners and singing as they marched. After them came a procession of monkeys, all in little dress-suits and high



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silk hats, and walking beside each one was a kitten dressed as a lady, in train gown and picture hat fastened on with a ribbon tied in a mammoth bow under the chin. Their hats were adorned with curling feathers and bright flowers. They were such an excellent imitation of ladies and gentlemen in evening dress, that a ripple of applause broke forth from the delighted audience as they viewed them. Following these were a lot of pug-dogs garbed in gay-colored coats strung with bells, which jingled merrily as they marched, keeping time to the music; and lastly, a flock of birds hopped proudly along, their bright ribbons fluttering behind them, appearing like a mass of waving flags.

Round and round swept this panorama, holding the audience spellbound,

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till suddenly all disappeared, and such a storm of applause filled the place you would never believe it possible that dolls were responsible for it.

And now the music burst forth again, and in dashed the doll riders, one by one, their steeds racing like mad around the ring, while the dolls jumped over bars and through hoops.

Next the dolls walked ropes, swung in the trapeze, and one even rode a wheel across the rope. The children watched breathlessly, fearing an accident, but they were well trained and bobbed up serenely after each difficult feat.

The clown was great fun, and invited any boy who chose to ride his gallant steed. Many little boys rushed in and mounted the monkey, only to be thrown in the dust, from which they crawled, to

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the accompaniment of laughter from the audience.

After a prolonged pause, there appeared a gold chariot, in which were seated bride-and-groom dolls, driving four beautiful white French poodles—such fat, curly dogs, as white as the driven snow! They galloped wildly about and the little bride clung with one hand to her lover and with the other held her hat, which was heavily laden with orange blossoms, while her veil streamed out behind, threatening to catch in the wheels at each turn. The dogs were certainly meditating something rash, for they nearly tipped out the occupants as they swiftly turned to leave the ring.

In response to repeated applause came a miniature chariot the exact counterpart

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of the other, with a monkey and kitten bride and groom driving four white baby kittens. They were all decked out in ribbons and laces, and played their parts to perfection.

Then followed a short performance by the animals. The birds, monkeys and kittens rode on the dogs' backs, jumping through paper hoops and over bars. The monkeys proved themselves fine riders and executed most astonishing feats, for monkeys are used to clinging to ropes and bars and know no such thing as fear.

This closed the entertainment, and at once all was confusion. The children and dolls formed in line as before and marched out to the 'bus, talking very hard and very fast of all they had seen. The Queen rejoiced in the fact that the afternoon had been a success.



CHAPTER V

SOME days after this, when the Queen gave them her usual morning greeting, she seemed fairly bristling with news. Her eyes shone like stars, and her cheeks were so rosy the children wondered what was coming; and when she asked them if they remembered that while in Cloverdale she had hinted at a certain important event, Janie promptly replied, "Why, course, and that was the circus!"

"No," she said, it is much more im-

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portant!" And then she electrified them all by announcing that she was to be married! They were all to be invited to the wedding, and after that they were to go with her on her wedding journey, which would be most unusual; where they were to go was to be kept secret for the present, but the wedding itself was to be soon and preparations were even now in progress.

"Can our dolls come, too?" queried Janie.

"Yes, indeed," replied the Queen, "the more the merrier. I planned your visit just at this time so you could see the wedding, for I knew it would be a great treat for you all.

"The first thing to plan for is clothes for the dolls. I have a very unusual person sewing for me and have arranged

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to have her make gowns for all of these little midgets. You can take them to her to be measured, and then you may all go shopping and select the materials, et cetera."

"Please, what's that?" asked Janie politely.

"Oh, slippers, gloves, fans, veils, ribbons, and all such things. You will have great fun in the stores, for the whole village is agog. They are all so excited over this event, and every one is flying about getting ready for the wedding. Now, I shall take you up to the sewing-room and you can talk it all over with Aunt Jerusha. She is a very old lady who sewed for my mother when I was a child"—and the Queen led the way to the charmed room, which was at the top of the house.

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Our little group climbed the stairway, with hearts beating fast over the importance of this enterprise. Never before had they visited a doll dressmaker—and then to think that they were actually to go shopping for these dolls!

They clattered their feet and giggled all the way up, and when they reached *the* room, the Queen tapped gently on the door, which opened at once, and there stood a quaint old lady-doll with the sweetest face framed in gray hair, parted and brushed straight back, then twisted in a tight knot which was fastened with a small black comb. She wore a gray dress made with a tight old-fashioned bodice, and the skirt gathered full at the waist. About her neck was a snowy kerchief caught in front with a large cameo. A black silk apron covered the

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front of this Quaker gown, and the old lady placidly peered through her steel-bowed spectacles with keen, kindly eyes, as she exclaimed in a high quavering voice: "Well, well! Looks as if school was out. What a lot of bright faces, and how very large you are! Come in. I'm used to dolls, but I haven't seen children except in pictures"—and she examined them carefully, one after another, squeezing their arms, touching their faces and hair until they became embarrassed and longed for their mothers' aprons to hide behind. "How curious!" she said to the Queen. "They are just like us, only of larger growth. Their parents must be enormous! My! It makes me feel queer to see so many freaks all at once. I'll sit down a moment while you tell me what I can do for you."

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The Queen knelt by her chair and said in a loud, clear tone: "They have come to have their dolls measured for gowns to wear to the wedding."

Then to the children: "Now, one by one, you may take your dolls to her and have a little talk. She is hard of hearing, so speak plainly."

The children hovered about her like bees about a honey-pot, and the dolls stood up before her while she measured them, and then made out a list for each one, and advised the mammas as to the colors best suited to the various complexions.

While this was going on, Janie looked about the bright, cheery room and gazed wistfully through a crack in a certain door, through which she could see the old lady's tiny helpers at work in an

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adjoining room, and hear bits of chatter and the busy whir of the sewing-machines. Near by stood a table piled high with finished gowns of all shades. As the Queen caught sight of them, she exclaimed: "Why!

have you finished so many? I must

try them on"—

and in a flash

she donned one

after another

and pranced

gaily about the

room, while the

children shouted and clapped their hands till Aunt Jerusha cried, "Why, you act like a six-year-old over new boots!"

The Queen put away the finery and said shyly, "I feel like one. These are





"I must try them on!"

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so pretty, and you know I never was married before. But come, children, you must get your shopping done, so Aunt Jerusha can get at this work. What's the matter, Dinah? You don't look happy," she said to the little black cook, who stood apart from the rest, looking rather downcast.

"I ain't been measured yit, and I wants to go to dis yer weddin', but I don't like to be the only lady of color, so I'se thinkin' I'd ax you might I white up! If I kin I wants a yaller dress."

The Queen, with a merry twinkle, replied: "Bless your heart! Of course you can. Here, Aunt Jerusha, take her measure and make out a list of anything she wants with a yellow dress at the head, and make it exactly as she tells

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you"—and Dinah proudly stood up before the old lady and poured into her sympathetic ear all her troubles.

"I'm glad I kin white up," she said, "I always wanted to, but never had



no 'casion to before, and now since I'm invited to this quality-folks weddin' it's a good chance to see how I'd look if I was white, and I'll iron the kink out o' my hair, too. This is the first time I been comferble in a long time.. First time life was in my body one laig was backwards, nex' time bof was. This time by a axident my face is turned same way as I'm

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goin'. So they can't say, 'There goes Dinah comin' back!'"

A shout of merriment followed this explosion, and then as Dinah's list was completed they all went below, placed the treasured papers in their little purses and were soon on their way, a chattering group. Think of going shopping for dolls, and being waited on by doll clerks! The dolls marched along with heads held high, feeling quite important over the fact that they were about to buy stuffs, which were to be made into dresses by a real dressmaker, and worn to a real doll's wedding.

In the dry-goods stores they purchased silks, all colors of the rainbow, with stockings and ribbons to match. In the shoe shops they sat on cunning stools and had their trim little feet fitted to the

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gayest of colored slippers, buttoned boots and rubbers.

In the millinery store they tried on jaunty hats and bonnets, and when they had completed their purchases they hastened home to consult with Aunt Jerusha as to how these various gowns should be fashioned, and before many days one doll after another was sent for to be fitted.

It was exciting to be right in these wedding preparations, and the children were so busy with the dolls they utterly forgot the fact that nothing had been said about what they themselves were to wear. One day it occurred to Janie, and she questioned the Queen, who replied with a twinkle, "Oh, that will be all right. I'm to be married at eight o'clock in the morning, and on the

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chairs by your beds you will find everything needed, and," she added, "I think it is about time I told you who my husband is to be, also something about the journey. Not far away there are some foreign doll villages, all within a few miles of each other, each nationality in its own village, and over them all reigns a King—and a grand King he is! For years he has begged me to marry him and divide our time between his people and mine. I finally decided to, for I love to be of use to these little people, and above all I love my King and am sure we shall be very happy. The wedding journey is to be a trip through each of these places, and as I have never seen them it will be as new to me as to you. We are to start at once after the wedding breakfast, on

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the miniature train, and stop at each place long enough to see the people and how they live. It will be a sort of personally-conducted excursion, and I think it will be great fun!"

The children drank in every word of this little speech, and, after the Queen left them, held an impromptu dance to work off some of the bottled-up joy with which they were bubbling over after such glorious news.

The great day arrived, and true to the Queen's promise, there were the gowns, exquisite filmy things, all pure white. In these the children were soon arrayed, after which they helped the dolls to get into their finery. Dinah was the busiest of them all, and when she was finally ready in her yellow gown and all "whited" up, her ironed hair trying in

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vain to stay straight, she looked very funny as she stood in line with the rest.

The little girls all in white, each with a doll beside her, made a fascinating picture. As the bells rang out from the little steeple they marched to the church and to chairs especially placed for them.

The church was soon packed to the doors, and then the bells ceased ringing, and the cunning organ sounded the notes of the *Wedding March*. Then the children heard sweet voices singing, *Hail to the Bride*. At first the music seemed to come from far away; then, as the singers drew nearer and nearer, louder and louder it sounded, till at last, with one grand burst of melody, the dear little choir-boys marched up the aisle and arranged themselves about the altar. Then appeared a tiny little Maid-of-

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Honor, all in white, walking with down-cast eyes. Following her was the Bride, with the tiniest of little dolls carrying her train. Such a picture as the Bride made, attired in a silvery gown that sparkled and shimmered like frost in the sunlight! She was met at the altar by the Groom, a handsome little fellow, who looked so proud and happy as she came toward him. He tenderly clasped her hand and led her to the minister who stood waiting, dressed in his long white robe, with prayer-book in hand. Then the boyish voices were hushed, and during the ceremony many eyes glistened with tears, for the Queen was very dear to them all and they grieved over giving her up for even a part of the time.

When these two were wedded, the

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glad voices rang out once more, and the bridal party passed down the aisle amid a shower of flowers. The Queen lingered for loving greetings and good wishes; after which they all went to the little house on the hill for the wedding breakfast.

When this was over they changed their wedding robes for others suitable for the trip, and were driven to the station, where the little train awaited them.

They found that there were now a sleeping- and a dining-car attached, so they could have their own little beds and eat their meals on the train.



CHAPTER VI

AS they were whirled through the country, the King told them this would be only a flying trip, and, as he knew his people would naturally want to celebrate his coming with his bride, he had made special request against it, for he wished his guests to see them as they were every day and not all trimmed up for company. Besides, those things took so much time, and they could only stay long enough in each place to get a gen-

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eral idea of the people—how they dressed and what manner of food they ate.

He said he would save the most interesting place for the last, and there they would stay a little longer; that it was not at all foreign to them; in fact, the inhabitants would look very familiar and be perfectly fascinating.

By and by he remarked, "We are nearing Holland. Notice the flag floating over the gate and try to remember it."

As the train halted, all stepped out and followed the King and his Bride to the entrance of this village. The King blew his trumpet, and there appeared a jolly-faced man in wooden shoes, who warmly welcomed them and threw open the great gate.

When they were inside they looked about with wondering eyes. Everything

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was so strange! Windmills shooting up in every direction, streets full of people clattering along in wooden shoes, dressed in brightest of colors, wearing the happiest faces imaginable—all formed a cheery picture never to be forgotten.

The principal thing here was the dairies, which they visited and found spotlessly clean. After a glass of milk and a nibble of cream-cheese they went their way greatly impressed with this jolly town.

As they neared the next place the King said as before, "Be sure to notice the flag. I think that must be our watchword, for I do want you to learn all you can in the short time we have for this trip." Now the colors of Bonnie Scotland bade them welcome, and, as before, the silvery notes of the bugle an-

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the chin. This was the soldier's costume. As he ushered them in, the first thing that greeted their ears was the shriek of a bagpipe. Here, too, the people looked happy and hearty, especially the children, who lived on porridge and milk.

Our party learned that the Scotch and Dutch are a clean, healthful people, who eat plain food, keep early hours and live in the open air.

The tiny boys and girls were very amusing in the Scotch costumes, and the children found it a great treat to eat a bowl of porridge with them before their departure.

Once more the train whizzed them along till the French flag was flying in their faces. Janie was in a great hurry to see this place, for here Rosabell was

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born. She hurried after the noisy group, and, at the usual signal, a gay little Frenchman, crying "*Bon jour!*" was bowing and smiling before the



entrance. The French are noted for their gallantry, and he waved them on with so many bows the children had hard work to control the giggles that must be kept bottled up on this trip.

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The gentlemen here looked as though they had just stepped out of a fashion book, and their waxed mustaches stood out very straight and stiff. Our party walked through the streets and saw that the principal food here was cake, tarts, salads, and sweets of all kinds. The ladies and children were very fond of dress and were loaded down with rich fabrics, beaded capes and jewelry. The little children seemed all hat, for the headgear was enormous on little ones.

"Do you see," said the King, "the tiny waists these ladies have? Such a contrast to the generous ones we have just seen; and how pale and discontented they appear! They keep late hours, eat no substantial food, wear their clothes too tight, and so they are not very happy."

The children did not care to linger

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here, and hurried on to Mexico. After the colors, green, white, and red, were impressed on their little brains, they hastened to the entrance, where they were met by a man wearing a high-pointed hat and a zerape, or bright-colored blanket, about his shoulders. He gravely greeted them with the words, "*Buenos dias, Señor*" (Good day, Sir), and they passed on to a most curious place, unlike anything they had seen.

The streets were crowded with people, the men in a garb similar to the sentinel at the gate. The women wore Mother Hubbard gowns with a scarf wound about the head, and their little feet were bare, while the men's feet were protected with sandals. These poor people were followed by children who wore scarcely any clothes and hurried along beside the

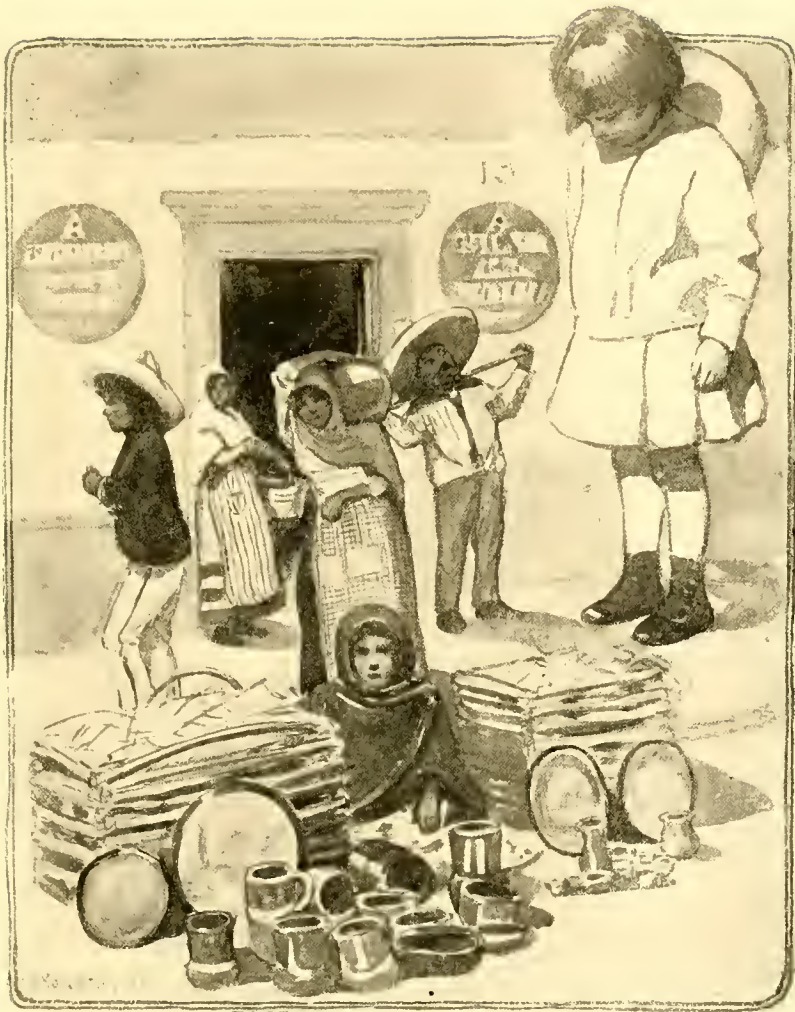
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carriages filled with the better classes who were decked in rich garments and jewelry. The cathedral chimes were making a great din, calling all to mass. Their church is their life, and they drop everything at the sound of the bells.

They are rather sad-looking but interesting as they sell their wares, drawn-work, pottery, baskets and leather goods.

The poor live on bean soup, which is eaten with a folded pancake for a spoon; for dessert the spoon is gobbled up with the greatest relish. The children tasted this food but found it too peppery to suit them.

From here they stepped across the street to see the Indians. This was great fun, for they lived in tiny wigwams, and in front of each was the papa in his gorgeous blankets, feathers and



They are rather sad-looking, as they sell their wares
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brave war-paint, teaching the little boys how to shoot. On the squaw's back was strapped a tiny papoose, who stared at them with bright, beady eyes. These people live on game, and the first thing taught the little boys is how to shoot, that they may help to provide for the family, and also be prepared for war.

At the next station the Japanese colors were fluttering in the breeze. As they halted before the entrance a little Jap appeared, and the children exclaimed in delight, as he looked for all the world like the hat-pin cushions hanging beside the dressers at home.

This place was a bower of beauty. The trees were a mass of cherry blossoms, and the odorous wistaria ran riot over the daintily-colored dwellings and tea-houses. As the children sniffed the

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air, sweet with the breath of the flowers, they almost expected to see the streets strewn with broken bottles of perfumery.

And the people! How odd they looked, gazing at them with their brilliant dark eyes set in calm, oval, yellow faces!

The ladies all wore colored kimonos, richly embroidered in flowers and birds with wings spread ready to fly.

The streets were alive with these splendid creatures, while tiny children played about, dressed in the same manner as their elders, the smallest girls with dolls strapped on to their backs. The King explained that they wore them almost as soon as they could walk, to prepare them to carry the babies as they grew older. Those old enough to carry the babies on their backs were

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having great fun playing marbles and flying kites, regardless of the burden.

It was whispered about that the King, his Bride and guests had arrived, and in a short time the streets were strung with Japanese lanterns and flags. As it grew dark myriads of colored lights twinkled here and there, and then began a grand display of fireworks, for the Japanese have them on all gala occasions.

Our party was invited into a tea-house, where each received a dish of rice and a dainty cup of tea, while listening to the gay music and watching the jinrikishas flying about carrying ladies in gay holiday attire.

From here they stopped a moment to peep in at Venice, where the streets were all of water, and they marveled at

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the inhabitants going about in gondolas, some loaded with flowers and fruits which they were calling out to sell to the people in their houses. Other boats were loaded with people dressed in vivid



colors, wearing masks, their gay voices caroling to the accompaniment of stringed instruments. It seemed to be a festal day and they were having a rollicking time while they devoured their macaroni, which is the Italian's chief food.



CHAPTER VII

“**A**ND now,” said the King, “we have finished the foreign villages and shall go to the most interesting place to you, I think; and then we shall turn our faces homeward.”

The children watched eagerly for this village, for it was to be an unusual treat, and when they saw the Stars and Stripes, the most beautiful of all flags, flying, with one accord they sprang to their feet, waving kerchiefs and wildly shouting, “Three cheers for the red,

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white and blue!" Such a strange-looking place was this, surrounded by a high wall! Over the entrance they read in large gold letters, "FLUFFYTOWN," and the King, with a wave of his hand, cried, "Home of the Paper Dolls! All out!"

At this announcement a thrill of joy pervaded our little party and they eagerly followed the Bridal Pair to the entrance of the city, where the King's trumpet sounded its bugle call, and the gates, which were on wheels, noiselessly slid back. When all had entered, they immediately closed.

Such a glittering vision flashed upon their eyes! Bits of houses that appeared to be coated with a thick, furry frost, gleamed and glistened like diamonds in the sunlight.

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They were covered with asbestos and were built in a circle, the center of which formed a park. From a silvery fountain there burst forth a gleaming stream, which seemed not like water, and the King said it was quicksilver, that they never had water here, as water meant ruination to paper dolls.

"But what do they do if it rains?" asked Janie.

"Look up and see," replied the King; and they looked and discovered that an odd, red roof, in the shape of a vast umbrella, extended over the whole place.

"You see," said the King, "the things they fear are wind and rain, and from them they must be protected.

"Rain would blot them out of existence, and wind would blow them away. Before they had the walls and roof they

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never dared venture out till they telephoned the weather man, and I found that for their own comfort they must be shielded. So now they live in peace. Another thing they are in mortal terror of is fire. The town is wired with electricity, which gives heat and light, without danger from flames. The houses could not burn, but one tiny flash might burn up all the people."

The children noticed that the dwellings were very odd, being rather flat, but as paper dolls do not take up much room they concluded it was a wise way to build, for they could have so many more houses in a certain space.

They reveled in the store windows, which were filled with hats and gowns of every description. The hats were a bewildering mass of fluffy color, with

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trimmings of feathery flowers—dainty creations which the children longed to possess. The gowns were fashioned from crape paper which gave the accordion-plaited effect.

“They are so vain!” said the King. “If you go into any of these houses you will find them hard at work making dresses. They lead a butterfly existence and care for nothing but to look better than their neighbors. The moment a dress is finished, it is put on and the wearer rushes into the street to show it. You will usually see some proud creature fluttering along airing her finery, and when there is a party the place is in such a hubbub that all you hear is rustling paper.”

Growing profusely in the park were dandelions, and as many of them had

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gone to seed, the children asked if they might gather some to tell their fortunes.

"Tell your fortunes with those? How?" asked the Queen.

"Why, don't you know?" laughed Janie. "You blow them three times and then you count the little sprays that are left and that's how many."

The King was alarmed at once, and cried, "No, indeed! That would be a crime in this village."

The children looked amazed, and Janie cried, "A crime to tell a fortune with a dandelion?"

"No, dear, a crime to *blow*. You would be threatened with a terrible punishment. No one dares to blow anything here."

"My," said Janie, "how awful! What do they do when their soup is too hot?"

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The King's merry laugh rang out as he replied: "They do not have soup; they eat scarcely anything; indeed, their principal food is chewing-gum, as they do not like to stop their work for meals and can chew while they work. This is one good feature about them, they really eat to live.

"These dandelions are raised here for trimming for hats. When the tops reach the feathery state they are dyed various colors, and they use bushels of them. The blossom in its natural state serves for a broom. But look up the street, school is out. See this bevy of school girls coming."

And sure enough, a group of charming creatures, arrayed in all colors of the rainbow, came floating toward them, and as they came near, paused to salute his

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Majesty and his Bride. At that instant Janie sneezed, and mercy! such havoc as that unlucky sneeze wrought! The dolls, who were just in the act of making an elaborate courtesy, tumbled over in a heap, and when they were assisted to their feet, cast such reproachful glances at the child, she felt quite dismayed, and the King hastened to apologize for her apparent rudeness. As the dolls passed on he explained that the paper dolls were used to such a delicate atmosphere the tiniest breath sent them flying.

"Such a funny thing happened once," he said. "I had been to visit my Dutch dolls and a small boy begged me to bring him over here, which I did. I did not notice that the little fellow had a paper windmill in his hand, with which he was playing, and as we walked up this street



At that instant Janie sneezed !

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he suddenly left my side and raced ahead of me, holding the wind-mill out before him, raising quite a breeze with the motion.



“It happened at the time that there were scores of these dainty creatures walking about, and such a commotion you never saw! It seemed as though a toy cyclone had struck them, and the air was at once filled with paper dolls, hats, sashes, and all sorts of finery. The child noticed them but did not realize he was the tornado, until I called to him to stop. The dolls came back to earth, landing on heads, hands and faces, and rushed into their houses, closing doors and windows. The streets were

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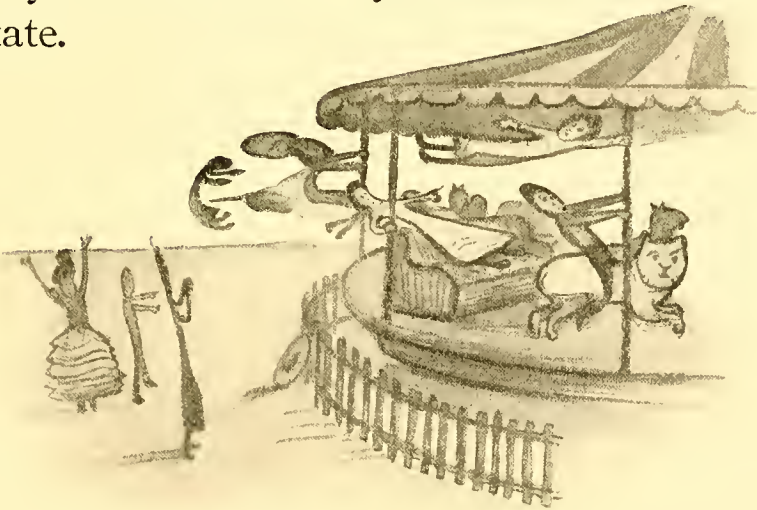
deserted and all we could see were dolls' distressed faces peering through the windows until the poor little ogre with his terrific wind-machine had departed.

"I also got into trouble once trying to do them a kindness. I was very thoughtless in those days. It makes me laugh now when I think of it. I bought a lot of merry-go-rounds, and had one put up in each village, and woe be unto me for sending one here! I thought only of the pleasure it would give them, and forgot the breeze it created when in use. They watched curiously as it was being put up and all were eager for a ride. The first trip all seats were filled, the little boys in the greatest glee on the ponies, and the ladies with the little girls in the chariots.

"The music began, and in one instant,

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whiff! away they all went a flying. The air was alive with them, and when they came down they were in a terrible state.



Ambulances and surgeons were in great demand, and for a few days the whole town was in mourning. Luckily, all recovered, but they were very indignant at me."

"What did they do with it?" asked the Queen.

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"Well, that is the biggest problem they have had to solve. It was such a disappointment, and made them very angry. They wanted to burn it, but no one dared to start the fire. They did not want me to know about it, but I always learn everything; so I had the machine placed just outside the city, and there it stands, waiting for some bright mind to devise some means by which they can ride and keep their seats. They hold it up as the worst punishment that can befall any one, and when the little ones are naughty they are filled with terror at the awful threat, 'If you aren't good I'll send you for a ride on the merry-go-round!'"

They all shouted at this story, and the King darted toward some wee paper dolls just passing and held on to them till the

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merriment had subsided, and then remarked: "See here, we must get out of this place or they will think there is an earthquake!"

But the Queen cried, "Wait, I have a thought. They *can* use the merry-go-round. Call them out and let me talk to them."

The King beamed upon her and cried joyously to the children, "See! She's beginning already to be a helpmeet to me! Come to the Park, and for pity's sake don't let me hear a sneeze or even the faintest giggle, for they would think you did it purposely."

When they reached the Park the King blew the silver bugle, and at once from all directions scores of paper dolls fluttered toward them. As they reached our little group, all courtesied politely

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and then quietly awaited the King's message.

His Highness led the Queen forward and said, "My dear people, let me introduce to you my Bride, who has very generously decided to help me to take care of my people. She has already a happy thought for you, and I shall let her tell you about it."

The Queen smiled sweetly and said, "I am glad to meet you, and want to say that we have had the greatest pleasure looking through your wonderful village. As the King told me the story of the merry-go-round, and why you could not use it, it occurred to me that it would be an easy matter for us to have some coats made just for that occasion, which we will weight with quicksilver; they can be kept on each seat, and as you sit down

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you can slip them on and ride with no fear whatever. It is such sport to ride and I am so glad I thought of it."

An odd ripple of applause swept over the delighted audience, for they were wild to glide around in the glorious whirligig.

And the king added, "I shall have it set up here at once and shall also have straps fitted to each seat, which will make it more secure. And now, good-by."

Then the bridal party left this interesting place with sighs of regret, for it was great fun, and of all the places they had seen they felt that Fluffytown was the best.



CHAPTER VIII

AND now the train was headed toward the Doll Farm, and the children, seated beside their dolls, were a sorry group, for they always dreaded to part from the Queen.

When they reached their destination they followed their dear one into the dining-room, where a bountiful supper was awaiting them. When their appe-

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tites were satisfied, the Queen rose and addressed them:

“My dear children,” she said, “I am sorry, indeed, to say good-by, but I hope you have had such a good time that you will always love to tell about it and live it over. With your baggage you will each find a souvenir of the trip, which, I am sure, you will enjoy, and will help you to remember this time. You need not thank me for what I have done, for it has been a privilege for which I am very grateful. Giving you these pleasures has rendered my own life sweeter, for, you know, we can not do for others without our own lives being made better,—and now, good-by. The King and I shall remain here for a time and then return to our people. Please try to be brave and glad and give me smiles instead

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of tears, for you must remember that I am a Bride."

"Yes, indeed," cried Janie, "we will, for we owe you a great deal. How much we would have missed if you hadn't let our dolls be alive, and we shall remember always this lovely trip and tell it to our children, only they won't believe it!"

Then, turning to her companions, she exclaimed, "Three cheers for the King and Queen, and may they live happily for ever and ever!"

"Hip, hip, hurrah!" Three lusty cheers rang out, and the Queen turned aside to wipe off a tear that sparkled on her cheek, for she loved them all dearly, and the King cried, "My! I'm glad we are so far away from Fluffytown. That shout would have blown up the village!"

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The little 'bus now rattled up to the door, and, after loving good-bys, the children were seated and driven rapidly home, where they were warmly welcomed by their parents, and the whole story was soon poured into the various attentive ears.

As Janie finished her delightful tale, the baggage man arrived with her baggage, and with it came a shiny new trunk.

A wee key tied on to the handle unlocked it, and when Janie raised the lid, there! oh there! what do you think? In the top tray a whole family of dolls stared up at her, all dressed in Scotch costume—plaid kilts, sashes and caps. One little fellow even carried the bagpipes. Quivering with excitement she lifted this tray out, and found a Japanese

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family looking calmly into her face, the mother and daughter carrying a parasol and decked in gorgeous embroidered kimonos.

Then came the Hollanders in bright dresses, white caps and wooden shoes.

In the next tray was a gondola in which was seated an Italian family, gaily dressed, waiting for a sail in the bathtub.

The next to greet her was a family of Indians in war-paint and feathers, the squaw having a tiny papoose strapped to her back.

After these came the French dolls, and lastly the darlingest lot of paper dolls with an elaborate wardrobe, and rolls of paper with which Janie could manufacture new costumes. There were also small boxes of spangles and tiny



When Janie raised the lid, there ! oh there !

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feathery plumes dyed all colors for trimmings.

Janie placed the trays in a long row and danced about them, examining them all very carefully.

“See, Mamma,” she cried, “each father has a flag.” And sure enough, the head of each family seemed to wave in triumph the flag of his country.

“Long may they wave!” replied mamma, “and I think the Queen was very generous to give you each such a lovely present. The paper dolls are exquisite, and you will have fine times playing with them. Papa can make you a merry-go-round and you can pin the dolls down while they ride.”

“Never!” cried Janie in horror, “never could I do that. Since I have seen them alive, I never again can stick a pin into

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any doll!"—and she caught up Rosabell and held her close for a moment, then tenderly undressed her and murmured:

"Dear one, I shall love you for ever and



ever, no matter how old I grow, and I'll always know that you are ready and waiting to talk to me if the Queen will only let you." Then she kissed her and placed her in her little bed. The doll's eyes closed, and Janie

went to her own little bed, bemoaning the fact that in the morning Rosabell

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would be only just a plain doll once more! But she brightened up as she recalled the dolls of all nations waiting for her, and rejoiced over the delicious times they would have together.

And now for the third time, we are called upon to say good-by to Cloverdale and the Live Dolls.

I have been dreading this moment of parting, for I must confess I feared that never again would it be possible for the Queen to wave the magic wand that thrills the dolls with life, as the subject seemed to be exhausted.

I dearly love to hear afar off the peal of the silver bugle piercing the air, and the merry jingling of the joyous bells, and I revel over the blissful moment when dolls wriggle out of arms and go

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scampering about filling the child-world with joy for a time; therefore, I felt very sad over the thought that this might be the last time we could exult together over these live dollies.

Then suddenly a ray of sunshine beamed upon me as I recalled the fact that as mother-love lives for ever in the heart of the real mother, so the doll is enshrined alive in the heart of the wee madonna. Also that the grown-ups' world goes on and on, while books without number are being written about it and eagerly devoured, and that world is not to be compared, either as far as interest or the joy of living is concerned, with the innocent child-world, where dolls are brooded over and dwell in sweet content under the mother's wing. The little mother, through her child-love,

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is being fitted to take the most sacred of all places, that of mother over her own real Live Dolls some day.

Looking at it from this point of view, I shudder at my disloyal thought, and humbly beg the Dolls' and my Readers' pardon, and decide that as the grown-ups' world would be sadly bereaved without the children, so the children would be utterly desolate without the beloved live dolls.

Therefore, never can we say good-by to them, but on the contrary, I trust that the little voices all over the land will join with me in one glad chorus and merrily cry:

“Long live the dolls, and may the magic wand wave over them for ever and ever!”



